

Sex And The City Of Coruscant

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Summary: After a night at Liam's Lounge, only one person wakes up alone, and boy is he MAD....

Sex And The City Of Coruscant

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Standard Disclaimer/Credit Where Credit Is Due: The characters in this story belong to George Lucas. The song "Electric Boogie (Electric Slide)" is by Marcia Griffiths. The song "We're A Corellian Band" is based on the song "We're An American Band " by Grand Funk Railroad.

Author's Note: This story takes place directly after my story _Six Flags Over Coruscant, but it should stand up on its own (I hope).

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"I know you mean well, PadmÃ©," Anakin was saying. "But I just don't think he _likes girls." They were sitting at a back table in Coruscant's newest hotspot, Liam's Lounge. "I mean, look at him," he continued, motioning in the direction of the dance floor, where a decidedly unenthusiastic Obi-Wan Kenobi was dancing with SabÃ©. PadmÃ© sighed._

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"Yeah, it was probably a mistake trying to fix him up with SabÃ©. It's obvious that he really isn't into it."

"I don't think SHE'S really into it, either," he observed.

"You're right. She has this thing for older men."

"What's up?" a voice asked directly in Anakin's ear. He jumped, spilling his pint everywhere.

"Shit!" Anakin yelled, grabbing napkins and trying unsuccessfully to contain the beer spillage while Padmé laughed. Anakin looked up to see a rather smug looking Supreme Chancellor. "Dammit, how'd you sneak up on me like that?" Palpatine smiled like the cat that had eaten the canary.

"It's not difficult to sneak up on people who are drunk all the time," he observed mildly. "Hello, Your Majesty," he greeted Padmé. "Do you mind if I join you?"

"Not at all." He took a seat next to her, setting a glass of red wine on the table in front of him. "I'm surprised to see you here, Chancellor. Especially after this morning."

"By the way," Anakin interjected. "It's not 'what's up', it's 'Whaaaaaaazzzzup!'"

"Regardless, it had the desired effect, didn't it?" Palpatine replied. Anakin gave him a dirty look as he wrung Guinness out of his beer-soaked shirt. On the dance floor, Obi-Wan and Sabé finished their dance and headed towards the table. When she spotted Palpatine, Sabé's eyes lit up like a pinball machine.

"I see you're feeling better," Obi-Wan said to Palpatine. Sabé yanked her hand out of Obi-Wan's and sat next to Palpatine, beaming happily. Obi-Wan took his seat next to Anakin, sniffed several times, and wrinkled his nose.

"You smell like a brewery," he told Anakin.

"So what?" Anakin replied irritably. "I need another beer." Muttering under his breath, he stood and took his empty glass to the bar.

"It's so nice to see you again, Chancellor," Sabé said to him, her eyes glowing.

"Is it?" he replied distantly. Padmé caught Palpatine's eye. _Sorry, she mouthed silently at him. He sighed and sipped his wine._

—

"Here ya go," The bartender said, handing Anakin a full pint of Guinness. He eyed Anakin's beer-soaked shirt. "Now, the trick is to make sure your mouth is OPEN before you try drinking it."

"Yeah, yeah. Everyone's a comic." Anakin trudged back towards the table, thinking about how Palpatine had gotten the better of him THIS time and mentally plotting his revenge.

Holding a full pint glass, of Guinness, Anakin returned to the table and sat next to Padmé. "So imagine my relief," Obi-Wan was saying, "when Master Yoda reminded Master Windu that I wasn't a Padawan anymore, so he'd have to find someone else to hand wash his grimy underwear!"

"Oh, not THAT story again," Anakin moaned. "Next he'll be telling everyone how he used to give foot massages to Master Jinn."

"I was an ideal Padawan," Obi-Wan informed him smugly. "No matter WHAT task was given to me, I never complained."

"I just bet, "SabÃ© said meaningfully. The others snickered. Obi-Wan blushed furiously.

"That's not what I meant!" he protested. Anakin snorted. The club's DJ started a new song.

"IT'S ELECTRIC!" the speakers announced. Music began. PadmÃ© squealed.

"I LOVE this dance! Dance with me, Anakin!"

"Forget it," Anakin said. "I hate this stupid song - AND the stupid dance." PadmÃ© pouted. Under the table, SabÃ© put her hand on Palpatine's thigh, and he jumped to his feet in surprise.

"Oh how lovely, Chancellor." PadmÃ© said, grabbing his hand.

"But - " he protested as PadmÃ© dragged him out onto the dance floor. She began dancing. Watching her feet, he futilely tried to keep up with her.

You've gotta know it - it's electric!

_

_ Boogie woogie woogie woogie_

_

_ That you can't hold it - it's electric!_

_

_ Boogie woogie woogie woogie_

_

But you know it's there

_

Here, there and everywhere.

_

Forward, back, turn, slide, clap... As Palpatine was both trying to watch PadmÃ© dance and mimic her movements, he collided with her more than once. Laughing, she took his hand and tried to guide him through the dance, singing along with the silly lyrics that pained Anakin so.

Ah, you're coming with me

—

_ Come let me take you on a party ride_

—

_ And I will teach you, teach you, teach you_

—

_ I'll teach you the electric slide_

—

Palpatine saw that Sab  had managed to coerce Obi-Wan onto the dance floor. He watched, envious, as they danced in perfectly synchronized movements, while he struggled not to tread on his Queen's toes - or knock her off her feet altogether. Sab  laughed at something Obi-Wan said to her, then without missing a step in the dance, they both slid over to dance on Palpatine's other side. _Uh oh_, Palpatine thought, and his concentration broke. He turned at the wrong moment, tripping Padm , who fell down. He bent down to help her up. Oblivious, Sab  kept dancing, colliding with Palpatine and knocking him off balance. He fell on top of Padm . Sab  tripped over his foot and fell on top of him, making a Palpatine sandwich. Despite being pinned under the weight of two people, Padm  was laughing hysterically. Anakin hurried over as

Obi-Wan bent to inspect the damage.

"Do you three want to be alone?" he asked, making Padm  laugh even harder. Anakin arrived and helped Obi-Wan haul Sab  to her feet. Palpatine got up and together he and Anakin helped Padm  get up. As they walked back to the table, laughing and joking about the mishap, an odd thought went through Palpatine's mind: _It's nice having friends._

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Several hours later, they were all crammed into the back of Padm 's hovercar, singing along as the radionet played a song that had been popular when Palpatine was young:

Out in space for forty days,

—

_ Last night in Coruscant put me in a haze._

—

_ Sweet, sweet Mon Mothma -- doin' her act,_

—

_ She had the whole show and that's a natural fact._

—

_ Up all night with Calrissian,_

—
_ I got to tell you sabacc's his thing._
—
_ Spice and ladies keep me right,_
—
_ As long as we can make it to the show tonight._
—
— —
—
_ We're a Corellian band._
—
_ We're a Corellian band._
—
_ We're coming to your town, _
—
_ We'll help you party down._
—
_ We're a Corellian band._
—
— —
—
_ Four young Rodians in Mos Eisley,_
—
_ Was waitin' for the band to return from the show._
—
_ Feelin' good, feelin' right, it's Saturday night,_
—
_ The cantina bartender -- he was outta sight._
—
_ Now, these fine ladies, they had a plan,_

—
_ They was out to meet the boys in the band._
—
_ They said, "Come on, dudes, let's get it on!"_
—
_ And we proceeded to tear that spaceport down!_
—

Palpatine couldn't believe the evening had gone so well, considering the sort of things that usually happened to him when he spent time with Anakin and Obi-Wan. In fact, he realized, as the hovercar pulled up in front of his apartment building, not one bizarre, horribly embarrassing, or indescribably terrible thing had happened to him all night.

"Thank you so much for inviting me tonight," he said as the driver held the door open for him. "You know, I actually had a marvelous time."

"You must come with us more often, Chancellor," PadmÃ© told him. He climbed out of the car and bowed briefly to her.

"Well, good night, everyone," he said. He saw SabÃ© whisper something in Anakin's ear. Grinning, Anakin waved his hand at Palpatine and spoke.

Anakin, PadmÃ©, and Obi-Wan had stopped off at the Queen's hotel suite for one last drink. Now it was two in the morning, and Anakin had passed out on the sofa.

"OK, one lasht drink and then we'll call it a night," PadmÃ© said, unsteadily rising to her feet.

"We can call it a night, but it's still a day. It's not today anymore, it's tomorrow." Obi-Wan told her.

"What?" she asked.

"It's tomorrow, not today."

"What are you talking about? You're not making any shense. You musht be drunk." She teetered precariously on her high heels, then fell backwards into Obi-Wan's lap. "Oops," she said mildly. She tried to get up, but Obi-Wan put his arms around her. She looked up at him, puzzled. Smiling, he bent his head to kiss her.

As usual, Palpatine woke early. Without opening his eyes, he yawned and stretched. As he moved his left foot, it encountered another foot. He knew he only had two feet, and he was pretty darn sure that this new foot wasn't one of them. He frowned. He mentally replayed the events of the previous evening. He remembered getting out of PadmÃ©'s hovercar. Anakin had waved his handâ€¦ _Shit! That little bastard Mind Tricked me again! Already knowing what he'd see, he

opened his eyes to see SabÃ© lying next to him, staring at him with luminous, adoring eyes. _

_

Anakin woke with a start. He was curled up in a tiny ball on a sofa in PadmÃ©'s suite. He had no blanket, and he was freezing. His head felt like a crew of Ugnauts with sonic jackhammers was doing excavation work in there. _Aspirin_, he thought desperately. _I need_ _aspirin_. He hauled himself to his feet and staggered around the suite looking for the bathroom. _Maybe this is it_, he thought, hitting the activation button next to a closed door. The door slid open and he staggered into the room. His first thought was_, This isn't the bathroom. His second thought was, _Shit, my girlfriend is in bed with Obi-Wan! _

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Jedi Master Mace Windu was enjoying a soothing cup of warming herbal tea when the buzzer on the main door of the Jedi Temple sounded. He sighed, taking another sip of tea and rising to answer it. It sounded again, this time making a squealing sound. Windu frowned. Whoever was out there was really leaning on the button. _I hope there's not some kind of crisis going on_, he thought tranquilly. He had a full morning of meditation planned. Also, (and perhaps more importantly), today was the day Brock Hardman was going to propose to Chase Flittertwit on "As Alderaan Turns", and Windu didn't want to miss it. After being held captive by Runulda the Hutt and having her heart broken by Dart Gunrunner (who had left her for Kashaaka the Wookie), the lovely Chase certainly deserved some happiness. With these thoughts in mind, Windu opened the front door of the Jedi Temple. He was surprised to see Supreme Chancellor Palpatine standing there. He was even more surprised to see that the usually exquisitely groomed Chancellor looked like he'd just rolled out of bed. He was utterly astonished when the usually unfailingly polite and courteous Chancellor shoved him out of the way and hurried into the Jedi Temple.

"WHERE IS HE?????" Palpatine yelled, sounding enraged. _"ANAKIN SKYWALKER, YOU COME OUT HERE RIGHT NOW, YOU ROTTEN LITTLE SHIT!"_ Palpatine turned as he felt Windu's hand fall on his shoulder.

"What's up with all this yellin'?" Windu asked curiously. Palpatine's eyes blazed with fury. His hair was standing straight up in places. A vein on his temple was pulsating. He was breathing heavily. He looked like a madman. Windu watched as Palpatine tried to compose himself.

"I am having a small problem with one of your Padawans." he said through gritted teeth.

"Oh?" Windu asked mildly. "Why don't you come in the kitchen with me, have a cup of tea, and tell me all about your problem."

"WHAT THE FUCK IS_ THIS_" Anakin screamed, causing both PadmÃ© and Obi-Wan to wake with a start. PadmÃ© looked down at the bed, looked over at Obi-Wan lying next to her, looked up at the apoplectic Anakin standing in the doorway, and let out a little shriek. Obi-Wan was still trying to figure out what the hell had happened. He remembered

kissing PadmÃ©. He remembered getting into bed with her. The rest was a disturbing blank.

"Wait, Anakin!" PadmÃ© said. "This isn't what it looks like."

"Oh REALLY?!?" Anakin yelled. "What is it, then â€" a complete dinner service for eight by Lennox China? Maybe you'd better explain EXACTLY what it is, since what it LOOKS LIKE to ME is my girlfriend in bed with my best friend!"

"Umâ€|" PadmÃ© said. Anakin's eyes blazed with fury. His hair was standing straight up in places. A vein on his temple was pulsating. He was breathing heavily. He looked like a madman.

"I don't remember a thing!" Obi-Wan said. Anakin stretched his hand out behind him, and his lightsaber came flying in from the next room. He ignited it and advanced on Obi-Wan.

"Start remembering."

"OK," Mace Windu said. "Let me see if I have this straight." He and Palpatine were drinking mugs of hot herbal tea in the kitchen at the Jedi Temple. "This beee-yooo-tiful young girl is hot for you. She wants you in the worst way."

"Yes."

"Anakin Skywalker used the Mind Trick on you, and you took her home with you and made her scream like a banshee a couple of times."

"Right."

"She's lying in your bed right now, probably naked as the day she was born and wishing you'd hurry your ass on back there and give it to her a few more times."

"Probably."

"OK. So I only have one question for you: WHAT, exactly, is the PROBLEM here??" Palpatine opened his mouth to reply, then closed it again, frowning. With the situation presented THAT way, he had to admit that HE couldn't really figure out what the problem was either. Then he remembered.

"If I were to go back there now and 'give it to her a few more times', I'd be doing it because I CHOOSE to do it. I had no choice in the matter last night, and I don't appreciate that." Windu nodded.

"Fair enough. See, now you're coming up with an objection that makes sense." Palpatine nodded. Windu put his elbows on the table, steepled his fingers in front of him, and considered the situation thoughtfully. "I think that Anakin could benefit from a little taste of his own medicine. What do you think, Chancellor?"

"Can't we discuss this like reasonable adults, Anakin?" Obi-Wan yelled.

"We ARE discussing it," Anakin replied calmly. He was sitting on the

windowsill in PadmÃ©'s bedroom. The window was open. Outside the window, Obi-Wan was suspended upside down in midair.

"C'mon, Anakin, let me go." Obi-Wan pleaded.

"Oh, you want me to let you go? It's a one hundred and forty story drop, you know." PadmÃ© was tugging on his arm.

"Anakin! Stop it!" He looked at her.

"I bet you didn't tell Obi-Wan to 'stop it' last night, did you?"

"Anakin! I swear to you, NOTHING HAPPENED." He looked at her.

"How can you expect me to believe that?"

"I expect you to believe it because it's TRUE! He kissed me ON THE CHEEK. You were passed out on the sofa here, he was too drunk to make it back to the Jedi Temple on his own, and there's only one bed in this suite. I told him he could sleep with me, since one, I knew he'd be too drunk to do anything BUT sleep, and two, you're always telling me he doesn't like girls anyway. I give you my word as Queen that I am telling the truth!" He looked into her eyes for a few seconds. Yes, she was telling the truth. He sighed with relief and embraced her.

"Hey!" Obi-Wan yelled. "Anakin! I'm glad you two lovebirds made up, but could you please bring me back inside now?? Anakin?? ANAKIN!"

They were in Palpatine's apartment. Obi-Wan had already passed out on the Chancellor's red sofa.

"Geeze, I can't believe you're not pished at me," Anakin admitted as Palpatine poured him another glass of really excellent Scotch, neat. Palpatine smiled benevolently.

"Why in Heaven's name should I be angry with you, Anakin? After all, you did, umâ€¦"

"Get you laid?" Anakin supplied helpfully.

"Exactly." He clinked his glass against Anakin's.

"You men are all alike," PadmÃ© said in disgust.

"Not quite," Anakin replied, indicating the unconscious Obi-Wan. PadmÃ© giggled tipsily. "So, Palpatine, tell me all about it," Anakin said, leaning forward in lascivious anticipation. "Was she really hot?"

"Now, Anakin. A gentleman doesn't kiss and tell."

"A gentleman doesn't sleep with his Queen's handmaiden who's less than half his age, either." PadmÃ© pointed out.

"If you recall correctly, it wasn't really my idea, Your Majesty." Anakin drained his Scotch glass and held it out for a refill. Palpatine happily poured him another, wondering idly if Anakin had a

hollow leg. He'd already consumed half of the bottle and showed no sign of slowing down.

"Anyway," Anakin said, gulping down the Scotch. "Now you owe me one, Palpatine." Suddenly, the Scotch hit him. He swayed in his seat, his eyes drooped shut, and he crashed to the floor.

"Indeed I do," Palpatine told the unconscious Padawan. He exchanged a look with PadmÃ©, who giggled in anticipation.

Anakin woke in a strange bed. His mouth felt like it had been packed full of cotton, his stomach felt like he'd consumed a pint of battery acid, and the Ugnauts with the sonic jackhammers had resumed their excavation work in his head. He looked around at the red walls, and realized that he was in one of Palpatine's spare bedrooms. He was also naked. He wasn't alone, either. He looked over and saw Obi-Wan sleeping peacefully beside him.

Palpatine was awakened by a sound echoing through his apartment.

"Nooo !!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Smiling, he closed his eyes. His last thought as he drifted back to sleep was, _Wait until he sees the photographs_.
_.

FINIS.

End
file.